an independent republic for about a dozen years. You see, it used to be a part of the republic of Central America, and it was such a worthless strip of land and fever that when it set up on its own account the Central Americans didn't take the trouble to reconquer it, and waited till the United States reconquered it for them.

Orizaba had one seaport, where perhaps three or four tramp steamers called in the course of the year, to see if they could pick up a cargo of logwood. The country was full of logwood of the very best qual ity, but the natives were so lazy that they would never cut it unless they were paid by the day, and even then they worked so slowly that it took about two months to furnish a cargo for a 2,000-ton tramp This same little seaport, which called itself the city of Santa Rosa, consisted of about 1,500 inhabitants, living mostly in onestory adobe houses, and it was the capital of the republic.

The way I came to be president of Ori-The way I came to be president of Orizaba was what I started out to tell you, and I'll try to keep to the point. If I get wandering off into other subjects just pull me up, and start me again on the right track. Along in 1876 I was the junior partner of a firm in San Francisco that did a big business in lumber. Bromley, Twitchell & Co. was the name of the firm, and I was the company. Old Bromley, the senior partner, was a mighty enterprising man, and one day he came to me and told me that there was a chance of building up a tremendous trade in logwood, provided somebody would go to Santa Rosa and run the thing. "So," says Bromley, "I have decided that you are just the man for the place, and I want you to start by a steamer that is going to sail for the Central American ports next Wednesday, and will put you ashore at Santa Rosa. I've induced the administration to make Santa Rosa a consular port, and you will be appointed consular to the start of the same st Rosa a consular port, and you will be appointed consul at that place in the course of a day or two. There won't be any money in the office, but you won't have any official work to do, and the fact that you are consul will give you all the opportunities you need for collaring the logwood business. I believe that is all I have to say, and I presume, Mr. Smith, that you will be ready to sail next week."

That was just old Bromley's way. He never wasted a word. Some men would have taken half a day to tell me what they expected me to do in Santa Rosa;

they expected me to do in Santa Rosa; but Bromley just let me know that I was to go there and collar the logwood business. I was to do it in my own way, and if I succeeded it would bring me a lot of money, and if I failed, why Bromley would size the thing up, and put the blame where it belonged. I never hesitated a minute about going, and when I landed at Santa about going, and when I landed at Santa Rosa, with a trunk, an American flag, and \$2.000 in my belt, I knew that I had my future as a business man in my own hands. The president was old Gen. Alvarez, who had been elected twice, and had then made up his mind that elections were a waste of time, and consequently held on to his office without asking any representations. without asking any permission of any one. He was glad to be recognized by the United States, and as I was the only consul in the whole republic, I was a pretty important man. However, my mind was more set on business than it was on honor and glory; I went to work and gathered together more logwood in two months than had been exported in the previous two wars. I leaded ported in the previous two years. I loaded as 8 o'clock in the morning that I am pres tramp with the logwood, and my firm deident of your rubbishing republic." short. I thought I saw my way to make a big fortune for myself and partners, and to make the republic of Orizaba a prosper-ous concern

night, when a young fellow-Col. Mendoza -who was the commander of the president's guard, came rushing up to my door with his drawn sword in his hand, and a mob of soldiers and citizens-if a lot of lazy half-dressed Indians can be called citizens—at his heels. I let him in at once, for he was evidently in a big hurry, and so was the crowd that was after him. He dropped into a chair clean out of breath, and by the time I grasped the situation and so that was a state of the control of the control of the state of the control of the state of the control o got my gun ready, the whole crowd was hammering at the door, and yelling for the colonel to come out and be killed. I will say he was a brave man, for although he had every reason to believe that the mob would break in and massacre him, he sat smiling and gasping in his chair, and as soon as he got his breath he began to apologize for disturbing me, and offered to leave at once if he was putting me to any inconvenience. I told him to stop where inconvenience. I told him to stop where he was, and then I opened the door, and holding my Winchester in my left hand, I asked the people what they wanted. Somebody sings out that they wanted Mendoza's life, and meant to have it, and that if I interfered in the circus I would be hung on the nearest tree. I didn't make any answer until I had seized my big American flag and spread it out on the front door will and all along my extrance hell. Then I sill and all along my entrance hall. Then I says to the crowd that I was the American consul; that nobody could get into the house without trampling on the American flag, and that if any living Orizablen dared so much as to touch it with his dirty bare foot I'd send for a man-of-war that would blow the town to smithereens and hang the president and every other man in the republic who was respectable enough to wear trousers. "I give you fair warning." wear trousers. I give you fair warning, I added, "that I shall open fire on you from my top windows in five minutes, and I'm not afraid to fight you and your whole army till you take a bath, which, I calculate, will be some years to come." That settled them. Like all half-civilized balf-breeds, they could understand the meaning of a rifle in a white man's hands. They slunk away as if they had been operated on with a horsewhip, and when I went back to the room where the colonel was sitting he put his arms around my neck and kissed me on both cheeks, and swore that he would never forget that I had saved his life-which there isn't the slightest doubt that I had.

That was the beginning of my friendship with the colonel. We got to be as thick as

thieves in a short time, and the colonel hardly ever failed to come and smoke my cigars in the evening when he was off duty. He was polite, brave and good-tempered, and as for honesty, he seemed now and then to have a little inkling of what it meant, which was more than could be said for any other Orizabian. If he had been raised in a Christian land, with Sun-day schools and newspapers and honest elections, he would probably have turned out to be a first-class man.

out to be a first-class man.

One evening Mendoza said to me as he was starting for home, "Don Smith, I want you to promise me that you won't go out of this house for the next two days. You will be perfectly safe so long as you are in your own house, but I can't answer for your life if you step outside your door, until I send you word that the danger is over."

"What's up?" said I. "Are you going to have a revolution?" "I can tell you nothing," he replied. "Remember that you once stood between me and a mob that would have shot me in an hour's time if you had not interfered. That mob was acting under orders from the president, as I suspected at the time, and

my correspondence just then, and the monthly steamer for San Francisco was to sail in three days more. While I didn't feel like hiding in my nouse from any num-ber of greasers, I shought that I might just as well take the next two days for squar-ing up my correspondence, and at the same time avoid the danger that Mendoza hinted at. So I told him that I would do as he said, and he went away thanking me warmly and assuring me that I could count on him to the death.

I don't suppose you ever heard of the republic of Orizaba, remarked my friend, again, and when I woke up for all day I rather imagined that I had been dreaming. The next day after that was as quiet as a New England Sunday, but on the third day, at about 8 o'clock in the morning. day, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, Mendoza marched up to my door with an escort of fifty soldiers, and when I showed myself the whole gang began to yell, "Long life to President Smith!"

"What's the meaning of this?" I said to Mendoza, when he and I were alone in my back office

fairly call a great man, but he knew politics from A to Z.

I hadn't been president three days before I saw the tremendous advantages of the place. I had the best sort of food and drink, and lodging and clothes, and although I couldn't collect a particle of salary, owing to the treasury being empty. I had all the comforts that Orizaba could produce. I found that there weren't any taxes whatever. When old Alvarez wanted money he sent word to the rich men of the taxes whatever. When old Alvarez wanted money he sent word to the rich men of the country that he wanted a government loan at 15 or perhaps 20 per cent, just as the notion struck him, and that each man would please to send so much—mentioning the exact amount—to the palace within twenty-four hours. When I made it understood that no more such loans would be asked for, I had every man in Orizaba who was rich enough to wear shoes on my back office.

"It means," said he, "that you are the President of Orizaba, and I have come to escort you to the palace."

"Considering that I am not a citizen of Orizaba, and that I am an American con-



"LONG LIFE TO PRESIDENT SMITH!"

sul, and furthermore, that I know nothing whatever about your political affairs, it seems to me that a man ought to be ashamed of telling me at so early an hour

death. I have rewarded Alvarez by over-throwing him, and he is now on board the steamer on his way to your former country. To you I have tried to show my gratitude by making you president. I fail to see that

there is anything amusing in this."
"But, my dear young man," I exclaimed,
"I'm very much obliged to you for your
gratitude, but, as I said before, I'm not a how you are going to make a president out of a foreigner.'

"Again I beg your excellency's pardon," aid Mendoza. "The day before yesterday, said Mendoza. when I arrested Alvarez, I made myself dictator. The first decree I issued was one making you a citizen. Then I ordered an making you a citizen. Then I ordered an election for president, which took place yesterday, and you had the usual majority of 748,000 votes, your adversary, Dr. Del Valle, having 209. So you see you are regularly elected, and I have, of course, resigned my position as dictator."

"But, you amiable lunatic," said I, "do you mean that 740,000 people, or thereabouts, voted for me, though most of them had never so much as heard of my existence before election day?"

ence before election day?"

"I have not said that 740,000 people voted for you, Don Smith," he replied. "There are never more than 300 or 400 who vote in any election in this country. It is the business of the police to conduct an election, and to give the proper candidate the proper number of votes. Alvarez always had from 740,000 to 750,000 majority, and we thought it right that you should have the same. I assure you that everything has been done in the most regular and constitutional way, and your election is as valid as that of the President of the United States."

"I'll admit," said I, "for the sake of argument, that I have been elected president, and am a citizen of Orizaba. But I am still the American consul, and if I accept your presidency I must resign my consulate, and give up my logwood business, and I don't mean to do either."

"Your heart is most noble, Don Smith,"



He Could Not Restrain the Men.

understand the customs of this country. The United States will never know that you are president unless you inform them of the fact. Then why not continue to be conand a mob that would have shot me in an hour's time if you had not interfered. That mob was acting under orders from the president, as I suspected at the time, and now know. You are not exactly a popular person at the palace just at present, and I beg that you will listen to my advice, and not run into danger.'

It so happened that I was behindhand in my correspondence just then, and the monthly steamer for San Francisco was to sail in three days more. While I didn't feel like hiding in my nouse from any number of greasers, Bhought that I might just as well take the next two days for squaring up my correspondence, and at the same time avoid the danger that Mendoza hinted at. So I told him that I would do as he said, and he went away thanking me warmiy and assuring me that I could count con him to the death.

The next day at daybreak I thought 1

so far as my San Francisco partners were concerned, by sending them about cne-half the amount of taxes, and the rest I sold to any purchasers that happened to come along, and turned the money into the treasury. Considering that I never claimed nor took a cent of salary the whole time I. a tramp with the logwood, and my firm decided to run a monthly steamer of their own between San Francisco and Santa Rosa. I saw, too, that the country was full of first-class mahogany, and I calculated to build up a good business in that as well as in logwood. Besides, I meant to induce identification in logwood. Besides, I meant to induce identification in the logwood and my firm decided to run a monthly steamer of their "Pardon, your excellency," said Mendoza. "It pleases you to joke, and it is not my place to find fault with a president's jokes. Permit me to remind you that I owe you my life. Also I beg to say that I very has in logwood. Besides, I meant to induce identification." business.

There is no denving that I did use the combination of presidency and consulate to the advantage of my San Francisco firm. When I wanted any favor from the government I used to write as a private American citizen to myself as consul asking for it. Then I would forward the letter, with a strong recommendation, to myself as president, and generally I granted the request. Some men in my place would simply have taken possession of anything they wanted without any formalities, but I always had a respect for law and order, and I always endeavored to be as honest as the particular situation in which I found myself would allow me to be, without seriously injuring myself or my friends. I hope you won't think I am boasting of my extreme honesty. I'm no Pharisee, and if I am better than the average man I'm the last one to go about calling attention to the fact. ernment I used to write as a private Am

I tried to improve the moral and material condition of the natives, but I couldn't make the least impression on them. You can't make a man work when he can earn a living by lying on his back in the shade and eating ripe banance. and adding ripe bananas. As for getting the people to understand the benefits of education, I might as well have tried to education, I might as well have tried to get a milkman to understand the benefits of not yelling his head off in the streets. There were about a dozen men in Santa Rosa, not counting the priests, who could read and write, and they wanted to keep the knowledge to themselves. They said that if I tried to establish public schools and to make the people attend them, there would be a revolution in good earnest. However, I did accomplish one great reform. When I took the presidency the whole country was swarming with police, who stole pretty much everything they could lay their hands on, and kept the population in a state of terror by their crimes. I just abolished the entire police force, with the exception of two constables whom I kept in the palace yard, where bles whom I kept in the palace yard, where I could keep my eye on them. The army consisted of fifty men, under Lieut. Gen. Mendoza, and I gave orders that th diers should shoot any man on sight whom they might catch in the act of committing any police operation. This very nearly put an end to crime in Orizaba. You see, the average Orizabian, providing he wasn't a rofessional policeman, hadn't the energy to steal, and with the exception that now and then there would be a quarrel, and one man would stab another, there was less crime in Orizaba than in any community that I ever knew anything

well, not to take up too much time, I will just say that I ruled Orizaba for a year and a month, and in that time I made the fortune of my San Francisco firm, besides doing more to develop the trade of the country than any central American president ever dreamed of doing. I filled up the empty treasury till it contained over \$17.000, which in the eves of an Orizablan

or the country than any central American president ever dreamed of doing. I filled up the empty treasury till it contained over \$17,000, which in the eyes of an Orizabian was a tremendous sum, and Lieut. Gen. Mendoza couldn't resist the temptation to handle it. He came to me one day, with a file of soldiers at his back, and said that he was awfully sorry, but that the troops had revolted that morning, and made him director, and that unless I left for San Francisco by that day's steamer, he was afraid that he couldn't restrain the bloodthirsty instincts of the men.

I Jidn't reproach Mendoza, though he knew well enough that I understood just how much truth there was in his pretense that the soldlers had revolted. I told him that I would yield only to force, and that if he wanted me to leave the palace he would have to carry me out. So he ordered his men to handcuff me and put me on board the steamer, which they accordingly did. The steamer, which they accordingly did. The steamer was one belonging to my San Francisco firm, and though the captain was considerably asionished to see me handcuffed, and offered to take his crew and clean out the town, I told him it was all right. And so it proved to be.

Mendoza had forgotten that I was the United States consul as well as the president. When I got back to San Francisco I complained to the government that I had been forcibly expelled from Orizaba, and I demanded \$17,000 as damages. The government, being glad of a safe chance to display a spirited foreign policy, sent a manof-war to Santa Rosa without delay, and not only collected that \$17,000 from President Mendoza, but required him to resign his position as president in favor of the president of Central America. The final result was that Orizaba lost its independence, and became once more a part of Central America.

ica, and that Mendesa had to emigrate or be shot as a traitor. If as he had no money, he probably starved to death in some South American republic. If I never leaked out in the United States that I had been president of Orisaba, and I shouldn't tell the story now if it were not that I am out of the consular service for good, and am rich enough not to want any more favors from the government. I still feel a little sorsy for Mendosa, for he was a good fellow in his way, though a full treasury was something that he couldn't keep his hands off a Hee must have been considerably astonished at the way I turned the tables on him and I don't doubt he was heartly sorry if that he hadn't been faithful to me. Any, man who does a mean action in order to make money, and finds that he doesn't make, it, must feel more or less sorry if there is anything good in him.

N THE CHURCHES

The members of the Epworth League Union of Washington city and vicinity, Baltimere conference, M. E. Church South, will have a mass meeting Friday evening next at Rockville, Md. The exercises will begin with a song service at 7:15 o'clock. The themes of the principal addresses and those by whom they will be delivered are as follows: "The Literary Department and Its Objects," Rev. J. O. Knott, Washington, D. C.; "Literary and Social Mestings," E. B. Kemp, Alexandria, Va.; "The League Library," Fred. E. Woodward, Washington; "Lectures and Reading Courses," Miss Sally Kilgour, Potomac, Md.; "The Bible in the Literary Department," Samuel B. Hege, Rockville, Md.

At the close of the addresses question box and general discussion will follow. George H. Lamar of Rockville is president of the union, and L. Pierce Boteler of this city secretary.

Mrs. Anna C. Pollock will deliver a lec-

ture in the Eckington Presbyterian Church on "Domestic Economy" Friday evening, February 11, at 8 o'clock. There will be select readings by Miss Eva Hurd. During the past week Gospel meetings have been held each evening at the Vermont Avenue Christian Church by Rev. Dr. B. B. Tyler, a well-known evangelist. Dr. Tyler has also conducted Bible studies each

Tyler has also conducted Bible studies each morning at 10:30.

The pupils of St. Cyprian's School will give a musical and dramatic entertainment in the Sunday school hall, 13th and C streets southeast, Monday and Tuesday evanings, February 7 and 8, at 8 o'clock. These entertainments have been postponed from the Christmas holidays.

A mass meeting at which the subject of discussion will be "Japan and Universalism" will be held Sunday evening of next week.

will be held Sunday evening of next week, at the Church of Our Father, Rev. Leslie Moore, pastor. The principal address will be by Rev. Hidezo Yoshimura, the first representative of the Universalist Church in Japan to come to this country.

The Junior Order of American Mechanics

of Takoma Park have requested Rev. John Van Ness to preach a patriotic sermon before them on Sunday of next week. Members of city lodges have been invited to be present. The services will be held in the Takoma Park Presbyterian Church. The announcement is made that Rev. Dr. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, will this evening begin a ten days' mission at the Church of the Heavenly Rest New York

Rest, New York.

The annual report of the Building Society of the Congregational churches, with which the congregations of that denomination in the District are connected, has just been made public. Briefly it states that the record of the work, receipts and expenditures for the year 1897 easily takes the highest place in the history of the society during the last forty-five years.

the last forty-five years.

One hundred and eighty-three churches made application for aid, to the amount of \$686,162. The board voted \$296,495 to 166 churches. There was paid to 116 churches

the sum of \$232,323 in form of grants or on houses of worship. Sixty-three churches asked parsonage loans to the amount of \$43,990. The board voted \$35,190 to 57 of these churches. Thirty-eight churches have been paid \$21,-

867 on parsonage loans.

The whole amount received into the 867 on parsonage loans.

The whole amount received into the church building loan fund was \$412,883; number of churches contributing, 2,714; young people's societies to the number of 240 contributed \$1,244 and 150 Sunday schools contributed \$1,038; centributions from individual laddes, W. H. M. U.'s, woung laddes, missionariy societies. King's

young ladies' missionariy societies, King's Daughters, etc., amount to \$17,841. A final settlement has been made with the society by the executor of the will of the late J. Henry Stickney of Baltimore Md., under which the society will get about \$400,000. From the sale of securities a total of \$153,976 has been realized. The receipts from all sources, aside from this legacy, were \$141,528, making a grand total

for the year of \$295,504.

The Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion of Immaculate Conception Parish has been organized, with the following officers: President, Mrs. Margaret Duffy; vice president, Mrs. Robina Holtze; chancillor, Mrs. Ellen Toumey; secretary, Miss May Duffy; collector, Mrs. Margaret McKee; treasurer, Mrs. Cecilia Imrie; orator, Mrs. Anna Murray; marshal, Miss Catharine Judge; ward Miss Mary Peck guard, Miss Mary Peck; trustee, Miss Catharine Scanlon; chaplain, Rev. S. F.

At the annual meeting of the congrega-tion of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church a few evenings ago the officers were all re-elected.

The Woman's Guild of St. Mary's P. E. Chapel gave a "Klondike social" last evening at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., No.

Chapei gave a "Klondike social" last evening at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., No. 1607 11th street northwest.

The formal opening of the contribution boxes issued by the vestry of St. Luke's P. E. Church one year ago took place Wednesday evening last.

In conversation with a Star reporter Mr. Fred E. Woodward, the well-known Epworth Leaguer, said: The published figures of the condition of the religious denominations of the United States at the beginning of the year 1898 contain some interesting statistics of Methodism.

The Methodists of the United States, comprising 17 branches, now number 5,735,898 communicants. The gain in the past seven years has been 1,146,654, or an annual gain of 163,808. This means that every week there is added to the combined Methodist Church of the United States 3,150 members.

States 3,150 members.

The Methodist Church South reports a net gain of 40,000 members during the year 1897, and a total of 1,482,665. This is a gain in seven years of 272,689, or an annual increase of 38,957. This means that every

seventh day there are added to this churc The churches in Southern Methodism now aggregate 13,800, an increase of 1,712 in seven years, or an annual gain of 245. This means five new churches each week, fin-ished and dedicated. The value of church

property in the M. E. Church South is \$19,000,000. The cantata of Jurusalem, postponed on account of sickness, will be given at Hamline M. E. Church by Mr. Frank Wilson and

line M. E. Church by Mr. Frank Wilson and fifty trained singers, with special soloists, orchestra and other features, Wednesday, February 16, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Rev. Hedding Bishop Leech has been unanimously invited, with the approval of his presiding elder, to the pastorate of Sandford Street M. E. Church in East Orange, N. J. Mr. Leech is a Washington boy and is well known in Epworth League circles here.

sandiour Street M. E. Church in East Orange, N. J. Mr. Leech is a Washington boy and is well known in Epworth League circles here.

Two years ago Mr. Leech resigned a position in the engineer's department of the District government to enter Drew Theological Seminary. At his recent examinations he came out with a star opposite his name. He took charge of a mission church, St. James', in Newark, at the time he entered the seminary at a salary of \$350. He will remain another year in the theological seminary, but will join the Newark conference in April in view of the invitation to Sandford street. He is a big of the pastor of Grace M. E. Church of his city.

At a recent election of officers for the Grace Reformed Church Sunday school, 15th street between Rhode Island avenue and P street, the Diswing were chosen: Superintendent, Dr. Murray G. Motter; assistant superintendent, Mr. Hugh L. Apple; secretary, Mr. Carl R. Lesh; assistant secretary, Miss Anna E. Helff; librarian, Mrs. Wm. H. Kump; assistant librarian, Mrs. Allee Witman; treasurer, Mr. D. O. Thomas.

The Ladies' Aid Association of the Church of the Advent, Le Droit Park, gave a soires musicale Wednesday evening last at the residence of Colonel Benjamin, No. 509 T street. The members of the Naomi Guild assisted the Ladies' Aid Association and Mrs. May, Mrs. Benjamin and Mrs. Amelia M. Mott received the fuests.

Tuesday evening last a musical program was presented at Western Presbyterian Church for the bunefit of the missing Councillations, Miss May Adele Levers, Miss Bessie E. Cobaugh and Mr. J. Walter Humphrey. The instrumentalists: Prof. Arthur E. Yundt, on mandolin, violin and banjo; Miss Keleher, violinist; Mr. Engene Coffin, saxaphone. Miss Katherine Garner recited two selections.

A STREAM OF GOLD

Runs Annually Through the Channels of the Pension Office.

THE KLONDIKE OF THE OLD SOLDIER

Huge Proportions of a Business That is Still Growing.

INSIDE THE BIG BUILDING

(Copyright, 1898, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

spent two hours recently traveling

Written for The Evening Star.

through the pension office with Mr. Henry Clay Evans, the United States commissioner of pension. I had asked Mr. Evans to give me some idea of Uncle Sam's pension business, and together we walked from bureau to bureau and office to office, asking questions of the officials in charge and gathering the material which I give you in this letter. The commissioner has the office in a better business condition than it has been for years. He not only ordered that everything be furnished me, but he personally aided in my investigations. The journey was no small one. The pension office at Washington fills the biggest brick building of the world. I doubt that there has ever been a building made of brick which surpassed it in size. although the baths of Diocletian, the ruins of which stand by the Via Nazionale, in Rome, were a mile in circumference. This building covers only two acres, but it is three stories high and there is a big attic up under its glass roof. It has a court in its center bigger than any barn yard you

The Pension Files and Mail.

have ever seen, and the huge brick pillars which rise from floor to roof each contain enough brick to build three good-sized

Both court and offices are filled with papers. There are hundreds of millions of pages of writing packed away here. There are enough files in the cases of the pension bureau court to carpet a county, and the old documents among its records, if they could be pasted together, in a single strip, would be long enough to cover a wagon road reaching clear around the world. The pension office deals in big figures. Take the mail, for instance. It was to this division the commissioner and I first went. The commissioner receives 20,-000 pieces of mail a day, or more than 7,000,000 pieces every year. He gets more than 5,000,000 letters in a year. If you could paste the answers to his mail together in one single strip it would make a ribbon of white letter paper covered with typewriting reaching from New York to Chicago. If he had to pay his postage at the rate of 2 cents per letter his stamp bill would be over \$100,000 a year, and when you figure up the labor and brains you would have a number of life times embodied in that one item. It takes forty three clerks to handle this mail. There is one corps of men who do nothing but open letters. Another stamps the date of re-ceipt upon them, and a third reads the let-ters and sends them to the proper divisions for answer. From four to eight thousand letters are answered every day, and the correspondence increases from year to

The Klondike of the Old Soldier. Every one of these letters has a money end to it. The pension office is the Klondike of the old soldier, and not a few men and women who are not old soldiers seek to pan gold out of the sands of its rivers. Last year the amount of money distributed was more than \$140,000,000. This was an increase of more than \$1,500,000 over the sum paid out in 1896, and the commis-sioner tells me that there will be more paid out this year than last. The gold mines of the world are now producing more than ever before, and still the total output of them all is only about \$200,000, 000 a year. If the gold mines of all the next ten years they could not get out as much gold as this office has paid out for pensions on account of the war of the re-bellion. Up to last June the amount was more than \$2,000,000,000, showing a steady increase from the close of the war up until 1890, and an enormous increase since then This sum is beyond conception, and, as I have stated, it is on the increase. It amounts to so much now each year that if every man, woman and ehild in the United States contributed \$2 the aggregate sum would just about pay the pension bills. This is equal to about \$10 for every family in our country. Of this, over \$500,000 goes abroad. Between 3,000 and 4,000 pensioners live in foreign countries and draw their money from us. The remain-der are scattered over the United States from Florida to Maine and from Massa chusetts to California, and the streams of money which flow here and are dammed up in the treasury are turned into the great pension irrigating ditches every year and carry this golden flood to all parts of the country.

The Work of the Pension Office. During our walk through the pension office Commissioner Evans and myself spent some time in each of the divisions watching the hundreds of clerks at work. There were old and young men among them, and there were plenty of old and young women. I asked a number of questions as to the efficiency of the employes, and was told that while the most of them were very efficient clerks, some were litwere very efficient clerks, some were little good except to tie up papers. One man told me the poorest clerks he had were the old schoolmasters, and another said the girls in his bureau were of less value than the men. One chief of a division said some of his best employes were colored, and he pointed ont a young man with a face as black as a piece of cannel coal, who, he said, could take the heart out of a pension case quicker than any man he had. There are examiners and clerks scata pension case quicker than any man he had. There are examiners and clerks scattered over the country, so that, all told, Commissioner Evans has about 7,000 men under him—an army more than haif as large as that which Xenophen led on his famous march to the sea. In one division I found about 75 doctors. These men pass upon the medical testimony, and they can see a misstatement in the evidence if it is not very carefully covered. All of them have studied medicine and not a few of have studied medicine and not a few of them have been active practitioners. An-other division is largely made up of lawyers, who pass on the legal aspect of cer-tain cases, and another might be said to be made up of detectives, for it is their busi-

ness to ferret out frauds. A great part of the work of our congress-men consists in pushing along pension cases. There are now an average of about five hundred congressional calls every day, and during the last four days more than two thousand congressional applications for information have been received. Each of these necessitates the looking up of the papers in a certain case.

What One Pension Case Means. Since the close of the war more than wo million claims for pensions have been iled, and of these more than a million and half have been allowed. There are hundreds of thousands of additional claims filed for increase of pensions. After the pensioner dies his widow and children are kept on the rolls and a single pension case means an enormous amount of work and money. Every one of the claims, both those granted and those pending, has to be kept by itself. And when it is remembered that a single claim comprises in some cases enough papers to fill a peck measure, you get some idea of the enormous work of the office. The claims are separated into different divisions, according to the part of the country in which the claimant lives. Each claim has a number, and the papers concerning it are so arranged that any one of them can be found in a moment. Each claim contains a biography of the man who asks for the pension, and there is no biographical dictionary so full of interesting things as that comprised in the files of the pension office. If a man has ever done a mean thing in his life he had better not apply for a pension, for many a crime is on record here. filed for increase of pensions. After the apply for a pension, for many a crime i record here.

Beware of the Widows. If Uncle Sam could speak to the young republics of South America, who are now and then on the verge of war, I am sure he would advise them just as Sam Weller's An Emaciated Boy.

of the widows." The widows of our old soldiers multiply like the sands of the seashore. Nearly one-fourth of the nine hundred odd thousand names on the pension rolls are those of widows. There are almost a quarter of a million widows receiving pensions, and the widows are increasing in number every year. I spant some time in the division which has to do with soldiers of the war of 1812. There are only seven sur-HIS LIMBS NO LARGER THAN A PERSON'S WRISTS.

number every year. I spant some time in the division which has to do with soldiers of the war of 1812. There are only seven survivors of that war on the pension roll, but there are 2,810 widows who are receiving pensions because they married old soldiers who fought during that war. There are today almost as many Mexican war widows as there are Mexican war veterans receiving pensions. The Mexican war was over fifty years ago, and today there are 10,000 men and 8,000 widows receiving pensions for the service which themselves or their deceased husbands gave Urcle Same at that time. You would think that the revolutionary widows would have long since passed away. The last pension soldier of the revolution died April 5, 1869. His name was Daniel Frederick Bakeman, and hawas one hundred and seven years of age before he asked for a pension. He then resided at Freedom, N. Y.. Congress took up his case and gave him a pension of five hundred dollars per annum. Had this man been on the ordinary energing list and man heen on the ordinary energing. The Peculiar Condition of J. F. Williams' Four-Year-Old Boy - The Case Attracting Wide Attention-Many Parents and Physi-

From the Democrat Message, Mt. Sterling, Ill. Residents of Damon, the village fourteen miles northwest of Mt. Sterling, Ill., have recently told remarkable story of the almost miraculous re-covery of little Josie Williams, the four-year-old on of John F. Williams, who resides a short disance northwest of Damon.

cians Interested.

The Democrat-Message dispatched a representative to the scene to obtain the actual facts in connection with the case, and stakes its reputation as a newspaper upon the truth of the incidents berein

hundred dollars per annum. Had this man been on the ordinary pension list and mar-ried a year before his death a girl of eigh-teen, and she, in turn, had lived as long as her aged husband., viz., to the age of one

nundred and nine, Uncle Sam would be

paying that woman a pension up to the

revolutionary soldiers on the pension rolls. The oldest of these is Lovey Aldridge, and her age is ninety-seven. She lives in Los Angeles, Cal. The other widows are Nancy Cloud of Virginia, aged eighty-four; Esther

S. Damon of Vermont, aged eighty-three; Nancy Jones of Tennessee, aged eighty-three; Rebecca Mayo of Virginia, aged

eighty-four; Mary Snead of Virginia, aged eighty-one, and Nancy Weatherman of Tennessee, aged eighty-seven. It has been estimated that widows of the veterans of the late civil war may be living in the year

Some Big Pensions.

The Presidents' widows get, you know,

\$5,000 a year by special act of Congress. Mrs.

Gen. Grant and Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Ty-

ler, I think, are still drawing pensions. Mrs.

President Lincoln received \$3,000 a year

from 1870 to 1882, when the amount was

it creased to \$5,000. Mrs. John A. Logan gets \$40 a week, and the widow of Admiral Farragut received \$2,000 a year. A number of widows of noted generals of the late war have received or are receiving

pensions. Among these were the widows of E. D. Baker, George H. Custer, the Indian fighter, of Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, of Daniel McCook and Frank P. Blair.

Among the biggest single pension amounts now granted are those given to

widows on account of a clause in the pen-sion act of 1896, which makes the widow's pension date back to the death of her hus-

band. The other day a widow who had been married in 1858, and whose husband had died in 1867, applied for a pension.

She claims the right to be paid \$8 a mont

years later. She new claims a pension on account of the death of her first husband

for her fifteen years of widowhood, and

Famous Autographs,

son used to make. There are papers here from Benedict Arnold, there are autograph

etters of George Washington, and there

are applications for land warrants from Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, W. T. Sher-man, Winfield Scott and Jefferson Davis.

I have traced the autographs of these men, as they were made in applying for war-

rents when they were young. Sherman asked for two quarter sections of land, one for his Florida services, and the other for

als record in the Mexican war. Gen. Scott

got his bounty for his bravery in the war of 1812, and Jefferson Davis was granted

his for his services as an officer in our war

with Mexico. President Lincoln's grant was given for his services in the Black Hawk Indian war, and John A. Logan re-

ceived 160 acres for his Mexican war

During my walk through the office with the commissioner I referred to the petition which is being circulated in Indianapolis

among the old veterans. This petition re

among the old veterans. This petition requests Congress to pay the pensions in a lump on the basis that every soldier now living will last for twenty years. These men want the twenty years' pension given at once, and if their request is granted they are willing to release Uncle Sam from all pension in the future. Lasked the com-

they are willing to release Uncle Sam from all pension in the future. I asked the commissioner what would be the effect of such a law. He said: "It would necessitate the paying of at least \$3,000,000,000, and the probability is that within three weeks a

large number of the pensioners would have lost all they got from the government, and something else would have to be done for

them. There is, of course, no possibility of such movement succeeding. It would

INTERVIEWING IN ENGLAND.

A Yankee Reporter's Experience at Work Over There.

Another surprise awaits the American re-

porter in England when he goes out interviewing. Objectionable as some features of

American journalism are, the general re-

disagreeable assignment as going to a house

where father or husband, son or brother

lay dead, in order to get up facts for an

obituary, have I ever been received with

anything except the greatest courtesy and

given the information I wanted. The aver-

London Letter in New York Times.

ot be seriously considered for an instant

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

There are many rare old papers among

wants it in a lump.

2000 A.D.

Mrs. Williams is a pleasant-voiced matron. She has the forceful personality, the positive manner that is nurtured and developed by the cares and sibilities of a farmer's wife. She would make a good witness for any cause founded upon the principles of truth and equity, and she told the story of little Josie's sickness and recovery in convincing way.

"He was rever right from the time of his birth," she said. "He was weak and puny, and did not grow like other children. A year ago last February, when he was two years old, he had an attack of lung fever. We had the services of Dr. Jones for two or three weeks. After Josie had re-covered from the fever he did not seem to get any strength. He had no appetite and could not keep mything on his stomach. He would fall trying to walk across the room, and after while he could not bear his weight. His legs seemed to wither away, until there were nothing but skin and bones, and he kept up a continual coughing. "We had a boarder named Asa Robinson, who

had rheumatism so severe that he was bent nearly double. He had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and had become so well and strong that he was able to chop wood every day and never feel a touch of his rheumatism. He said that he believed the pills would help little Josie, At that time I also read an article in the Quincy Whig regarding some people who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and said to my husband that we should get some for Josie, as they cost only 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and could be bought at any druggist. He decided to try them, and went to Mt. Sterling to Dr. Irving and bought three boxes. We began the last of March giving him one-third of pill three times a cay. In three days we noticed an improvement, and we increased the dose, giv-ing him half a pill at a time. He kept improving, and finally we gave him one pill at a dose. Near the first of June we gave him the last of the three boxes which we had bought in March, and now little Josie is as fat and hearty as any boy in the neighborhood. He has a good appetite, and never has any trouble with his stomach. I never had any faith in proprietary raedicines before, but Dr. Willinms' Pink Pills for Pale People saved our Josie from the grave, and I do not believe anything else would.

(Signed) "Mrs. JOHN F. WILLIAMS." Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of June, 1897. (Seal)

DAVID CRISP, Notary Public Dr. A. A. McCabe is the coroner of Brown county, and is a physician of extensive practice. He accompanied the Democrat-Message representative and made a thorough examination of little Josie with reference to his physical condition. His statement under onth is appended:

STATE OF HAINOIS, BROWN COUNTY, 88: "I, A. A. McCabe, a regularly licensed physi-cian of Mt. Sterling, Brown county, Ill., hereby She claims the right to be paid \$8 a month for every month back to the death of her husband, a period of thirty years. The law, I am toll, will give her the persion. Another widow from Ohio, whose husband died in 1871, married again about fifteen state that I made thorough examination of Josie Williams, the four-year-old son of John F. Willi-June 7, 1897. With the exception of indications of nasal catarrh, I found him in a thoroughly healthful condition physically. I was unable to find in his present condition any evidences of the disease with which his parents affirm that he was af-Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th

day of June, A.D. 1897. these pension records. Among the widows, (Scal) MORT, BROOKS, Justice of the Peace for instance, I find an autograph showing This is to certify that I treated a little boy of that Blaine's great-grandmother drew a John F. Williams of Damen, Ill., suffering from catarrhal pneumonia from March 12 to March 27, pension for a long time as a revolutionary widow. This woman was the wife of Col. 1896. During the above period the child was great great frierd of Washington, and he did but finally took a change for the better, and comgood service during the revolution. He died in 1804, and the application for pension was not made until 1848. Mrs. Blaine's plete recovery ensued. N. A. JONES, M. D. Sworn and subscribed before me this 17th day of autograph was evidently made with a trembling hand, but the letters are almost as plain as those which her famous grand-

(Seal)

glishman can never get it out of his head that an interviewer is an intruder. He has not been educated up to the fact that his business is also other people's business. It takes more tact and diplomacy to find out from an Englishman the merest detail of every-day life than it would to make good triends of France and Germany. To interview a man on anything except

something he wants to get into the paper as a "puff" is an art. You try to make a good first impression on your victim, then endeavor to give an idea that it would be no harm to anybody and a great favor to you if he would tell about a few unimportant little facts. Of course, this is only the A, B, C of the science. Sometimes a man too artful to be easily caught is surprised into telling all he knows by a "bluff" of knowing all about it anyway; or by telling him that some outrageous

or by telling him that some outrageous canard fleating about is what you are going to print the following day, if he cannot aid you by showing how false it is.

Almost any Englishman of any importance that I have ever talked with has pinctuated his conversation with, "Well, I really can't see how that would be of any interest to the public." "That would rather be going on private ground, would it not?" "Now, I can tell you just where to find that. It was printed in the Times last February a year ago, or, let me see, wasn't it two years ago?" Then Englishmen are as yet so little accuctomed to see. nen are as yet so little accuctomed to see-ing themselves interviewed, or so punctil-ious over the matter of a comma or so, sometimes so horrified that they have been saying more than they had any intention of (things do look so different in type) that they generally write a letter to the editor the next day to say that the interview as published is a "tissue of faisehoods," and unless an apology is at once published he will hear from the interviewed man's solitoned. will hear from the interviewed man's solic tior. I once interviewed a woman who cialmed she was the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. —, and had been robbed. The next day her husband demanded a public retraction—which was not given—and a few days after the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. — was turned out of the hotel for not reaving was turned out of the hotel for not paying

Expensive.

spect for a reporter over there is such that From Life. Sport-"It is a true saying about there being only two classes of men in the world -those that can play poker and those that can't."

Short-"Possibly; but there's a bad leal in it, after all."
"How's that?"

age for courtesy, certainly for polish, is higher here than it is there, but an Enone belongs to."



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY.

The duchers (just arrived, rather late)—"Lord Au-gus-tus!!"
Lord Augustus (emerging suddenly from "green room")—"It'
Don't be 'huffy.' I'm in the tableau, 'Art Wins the Heart,' don'ed pleture. Chap painting a vase. How d'ye do? How 'do,
Lady Gerty? Like my get-up? Just going on. Look sharp to miss me! Ta, ta!"